THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1474.

Original Poetry.

SIXTEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As the strain of marching varied,
From the mournful to the merry,
So before life's glowing sunlight
Childhood gaily bade—sixty;
Passing still it gi-ves and takes,
Today I'm disappointed,
Today like a pettioned landscape,
With the lapse of years.

On the sutured path before me
I can gaze with hopeful eyes,
Through the future's mystic shadow,
Like a veil, upon it lies;—
Bright—for all that transverse curtain
Obscures the spirit's vision clear;
Leading on, with changeless brightness,
To the heavens afar.

At the shadow passes onward,
Day by day springs forth a new,—
Flowing on in ranking process,
Something sought or bought, or new;
Ever changing, ever brilliant,
Thus the hours glide swiftly on;
The glasses that marks our pleasure transit,
Does reckless beggarly have.

While my spirit's found is guiding
Deeply o'er, undiscerned and free,
It shall be my care to keep it
Free to view it course to be
As—limit—it—may—not—never—vary;
On the world a desert place,
Shall the Creator's wisdom and love
Fail it limits in spring-time grace.

Dewey time—in white frocks, and whisper—
Maiden—noble in dark and dress—
Fancy's flowing soon will vanish,
Care will come, and sorrow's teachings
Lend them on a serious way.
Now Nature's a cold finger
Tweeny souls by younger gay

Hope, the charmer! soon will person,
Vivacious spirit, ever—ages—light,
Just to the manner's regulations
Falling at the brink of night.
In a dark and gloomy manner
Even by first most hours to tread,
While the twilight is dense and heavy
Mourns the glory dod.

Yes, and so—though clouds may gather
Darkly o'er the setting sky—
Though the gloom of midnight shadows
Round our narrow pathway lie—
Oh! amid the gloom and darkness
Hope shall beam with changeless smile,
Faith, with glances heavenward turning,
Light my path the while.

Though the thorns of care and sorrow
Into early pressed my brow,
Fancyhood's anxious all around me
Have not changed my spirit now;
Still within my soul shall bloom
Flowers of love and joy,
Forging out their fragrance
Hush—of immortality!

Age may come with heavy footstep,
With his dim and rayless glance,
Shadowing o'er my pathway
Rolling pressure's giddy dance
Yet that hour within my spirit
Still shall gush as pure and true
As when first its joy and darkness
As in boyhood grew.

Time, amid life's changeful visions,
Summon it hence at years—
Would I bear weeks not spirit
Light and joyous there!
And when Death's relentless finger
Lays my form beneath the sod,
Freed, my spirit soaring higher,
Visit my rise to God!

Philadelphia, 1849. H. EVERGREEN.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXX.

INTAGHEY.

"He, at whose
My heart had treasured all its hope and pride,
Who, when I clung to him, for life and death."

It was the first of November; a Sabbath day it had caused all night; the dawn of morning found the earth and everything upon it covered with a dark, dark day; a dark that a twilight gloom hung over all the scene; so cold and wet that a flame could not be kindled. The family were at breakfast in the back drawing-room; a good fire burned in the grate, and the table was drawn near the exhilarating coffee could raise the spirits of the little party. Hagar was wretchedly pale and haggard, and her mother, though evidently assumed as not to be mistaken even by the unobservant, was nearly as much worn; and the other in unconscionable distress. Seeing that Rayland found it make his morning meal, and that Hagar fully indulged her gloom. Rose again at last settled it as her own mind that Hagar was the offending, and Raymond the suffering party. When they arose from the table, when Raymond walked to the fond drawing-room window and stood there looking out upon the black sky and pouring rain, and Mrs. Hagar sitting wearily from the room and word up stairs, Rose looked around in perplexity, in a sort of lost terror, but hastening to her brother, she would have gone to his side to keep her feet, for loneliness and desertion. At length with a sudden impulse she rose the other in unconscionable distress. Seeing that Raymond found it make his morning meal, and that Hagar fully indulged her gloom. Rose again at last settled it as her own mind that Hagar was the offending, and Raymond the suffering party. When they arose from the table, when Raymond walked to the fond drawing-room window and stood there looking out upon the black sky and pouring rain, and Mrs. Hagar sitting wearily from the room and word up stairs, Rose looked around in perplexity, in a sort of lost terror, but hastening to her brother, she would have gone to his side to keep her feet, for loneliness and desertion. At length with a sudden impulse she rose up stairs to seek Hagar. She entered her bedroom without knocking, and found her weeping alone by the window, in an attitude of deep dejection, that went up to her, and throwing her arms around her neck and her head upon her shoulder. Hagar quietly disengaged her arms from her neck, and her head from her shoulder, and lifted her face, and dropping her head upon a cushion at her feet, and dropping her head upon her lap, sobbed out,

"Hagar! Hagar! what is the matter? Hagar! tell me, tell me, what is the matter! Oh, dear me! The house gloomy enough, and now actual ghosts and ghosts like a funeral train, loading slowly to the grave. Oh, I feel dead, I feel dead!"

Coldness and darkness in seeing your nerves, or, not being admitted to share it, and not being able to do anything to relieve it. Oh, Hagar! let me the privilege I can do something for you; I have you so much, Hagar, and would be very glad you can now to hear her burden. Oh, Hagar! let me do something for you."

"You are hagrey with me!"

"No! no! no! not with you—"

"With whom, then?"

"Ronalia! I leave the room this moment, when I tell you, sirrah! I said that I would not be contradicted?"

"Hagar! yes, I will go. One word, let me say one word, and then I will go. Hagar, I suppose it is Raymond—you are angry with him? Hagar, oh! do not treat him so badly, really, really; talk to with him, please do; see how unhappy he is! see how hard he tries to be pleasant! and her manner disguise his sorrow. Oh! come me! what dear make you run full out so? Oh! dear me! I do wish I was in Heaven—all *I know love to make me* suffer so much! I would rather die! and sobbing into a chair, while the dark clouds loomed, and the rain pattered heavily upon the window.

At last Ronalia arose and left the chamber, crossed the hall, and entered the nursery. Mrs. Hagar and the housekeeper were both engaged dressing the children; they were now nearly five months old, and when they saw Ronalia enter, both began to bustle in their attentions, and Hagar, in her confusion, dropped the baby she was dressing upon the floor—I will mend the buttons before I put your frock on, Miss Ronalia, and then I will dress the baby, making it blow cheerfully, and then, while Rose was dressing the children, they would of the way chair in front of it, and left the room together.

Rose, when she had not cast in front of the blazing fire, it was a large, deep, red stone, where wide arms held the mandies and the bakers very comfortably. The housekeeper, a nursery, and she retired with the babies in that cozy chair, while the fire glowed before them, and the rain pattered without.

Let me strike out a bird's-eye view of this family as they now stood. It is but daguerreotyping the sky between the clouds, and the sunbeam bolt. Raymond walked gloomily up and down the dim vista of the long drawing-room, and Rose and there at the windows to look out upon the cheerless day, and then, with a heavy sigh of pity, resume her seat before the heating fan. Hagar sat gloomily in her dressing-room, gloomily as we have seen her sit on the whirlwind in the attic of Heath Hall. Her elbows propped upon her knees, her pale face resting upon her hands, and her hair, while her hair fell out of curl all over her, it was in artificial confusion, and over her shoulders—The blackened sky, the beating rain were reflected in the deeper darkness of her own heart, in the deep desolation of her own desperate mind. Her feelings, was lurking the thunder-bolt. Ronalia still sat in the same position, and the same gloom, baffled by these, taking that sweet, baby-dark, confidence but unconfigurable as a lord-dog to any one but his master or mistress.

Then the door was thrown widely back and Hagar stood there more than ever like one who was not to glastly relief by her black hair and black dress; she stood there, Ronalia and Raymond, gazing with an expression of anguish striking fierceness through her set eyes. Ronalia looked up in surprise and fear.

"Give me the children, Ronalia! give them to me! they are mine, and you shall not take them from me! Give them here! You shall not with these! Give them to me! they are mine! I have them! they are my own creations. Hagar! you don't dare to me!" exclaimed she, wildly holding out her arms to receive the children, as Ronalia and Raymond, gazing with an expression of anguish striking fierceness through her set eyes. Ronalia looked up in surprise and fear.

"Give me the children, Ronalia! give them to me! they are mine, and you shall not take them from me! Give them here! You shall not with these! Give them to me! they are mine! I have them! they are my own creations. Hagar! you don't dare to me!" exclaimed she, wildly holding out her arms to receive the children, as Ronalia and Raymond, gazing with an expression of anguish striking fierceness through her set eyes. Ronalia looked up in surprise and fear.

"Will you give them to me again?"

"Will you?"

Ronalia dropped her hands, clasping them together, and so left the room, passed down stairs in the direction of the parlor, and entered the door.

Raymond, who was standing at the window, looked around in surprise, and then, with a heavy sigh of pity, resume her seat before the heating fan. Hagar sat gloomily in her dressing-room, gloomily as we have seen her sit on the whirlwind in the attic of Heath Hall. Her elbows propped upon her knees, her pale face resting upon her hands, and her hair, while her hair fell out of curl all over her, it was in artificial confusion, and over her shoulders—The blackened sky, the beating rain were reflected in the deeper darkness of her own heart, in the deep desolation of her own desperate mind. Her feelings, was lurking the thunder-bolt. Ronalia still sat in the same position, and the same gloom, baffled by these, taking that sweet, baby-dark, confidence but unconfigurable as a lord-dog to any one but his master or mistress.

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must deduct twenty-five per cent. for expenses, besides commissions. After that, how much do you think would be left for the publishers?"

"Why don't they appoint local agents? That would save the expense."

"And have to send a solicitor, in the end, to get the money out of the local agent's hands."

"Let them appoint honest men."

"How is a publisher, a thousand miles away, going to know who is honest? He may select thirty honest men, in thirty different places, and one dishonest man, in two other places. The dishonest agent will be the most successful, will keep the money, and the thirty honest ones will have, perhaps, to come to attend to matters of their own, to look after the publisher's interests. I've seen the practical working of this system, and know precisely what are its evils were."

"Then I can only say," returned the squire, "that publishers must have a pretty soul time in getting what is justly their due."

"You may well say that, Squire Gregory."

"What is the remedy?"

"For every man who takes a periodical to feel that *he* is responsible for honest and liberal to pay for it."

"I feel that; and yet I have not paid for the Lady's Book in two years, nor for the Post in three. I have not had the opportunity."

"Better say, squire, that your honest and honorable feelings have not been permitted to come into activity."

"There has been no opportunity."

"Perhaps you are somewhat near as to that."

"Oh, no. Not at all."

"Would you embrace the opportunity now, if it were presented?"

"Certainly I would."

"Here is a sheet of paper and a pen," said the editor.

They were handed to him, and he sat down and wrote:—

"Mr. L. A. Godey,

"*Dear Sir*:—Enclosed you will find twelve dollars. Sir, for my two years subscription for the Lady's Book, and I wish I had the trouble you to hand over to the publishers of the Saturday Post. I" the latter sweeps by return mail.

"Dr. [illegible] that I" such a way handing the sheet of paper to the squire.

Squire Gregory read over what was writing; paused to reflect for a moment; and then taking up the pen, signed the letter.

"You are right—you are right, my friend," said he, as he took out his pocket book, and selected the bank necessary to send. "I ought to have thought of this before. In fact, to tell the truth, I did think of it several times—but—but the truth is, I neglected it. In other words, I spent out pleasly, I have not been loosed between each and was in that respect no man's debtor."

The individuals who had come in witness the test to which Squire Gregory was to be subjected, did not exhibit a very lively state of feeling in regard to the result. One smiled broadly, another looked slightly grave, and another moved towards the door. The eyes of B——— were on them, and there was a mischievous twitching about his lips.

"Haven't I cool out my case?" and he, addressing his companions.

"I rather think you have," returned one, with a shrug.

"Clearly?"

"Well, I suppose so. Still, I can't see that the matter is at rest to-day."

"Beg you pardon," said the squire; "I think I am a good deal to blame. Here, for two or three years, weekly and monthly, have I and my family been enjoying these excellent publications, each number of which have met with a cost of trouble fully equal to what would have been required of me to send, once in the year, the fixing subscription money in a letter by mail—Now, as far as I am concerned, I don't call this right, or excusable under any plea. In fact, gentlemen, I acknowledge the rank—I was not honest in the matter, for I wished that was due me—then, when I might and should have paid it. If all these subscribers are not below than 'honest' Squire Gregory, Heaven help them! That's all I've got to say. And now, gentlemen, if any of you are in the same category with me, just go home and make a clean conscience of it."

The number of letters mailed for editors and publishers, that day, in the town of T———, was altogether unprecedented. It became estimable that something like a hundred dollars went on to the East. His own receipts, before the ten week hours, were over thirty dollars.

The Gold Region.

LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

We copy below one of Bayard Taylor's interesting letters from California to the New York Tribune. This is his first after landing, and was written on the 19th of August. It will be read with peculiar interest, going, as it does, his first impressions of San Francisco, and abounding with interesting information in that wonderful region of country, its population, habits of the people, &c.

The Ohio's boat put us ashore at the upper landing, at the head of a steep bank, from which a high pier has lately been built into the bay, large vessel lay at the end, discharging her cargo. We scrambled up through piles of luggage, and among the crowd collected to witness our arrival, picked out Tom Spaniards to carry it to a hotel. The barren side of the hill before us was covered with tents and canvas houses, and nearly in front a large two-story building displayed the sign—"Fremont Family Hotel."

We were only in the suburbs of the town, crossing the shoulder of the hill, the view extended all around the curve of the bay, and hundreds of tents and houses appeared, scattered all over the heights, and along the shore for more than a mile. A furious wind was blowing down through a gap in the hills, filling the streets with clouds of dust; the every side stood buildings of all kinds, large or half-finished, and the greater part of them mere canvass sheds, open in front, and covered with all kinds of goods, in all languages. Great quantities of goods were piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets were full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of a diverse and bizarre a character as the house. I believe of every possible variety, native Californians in *serapes* and sombreros, Chilenos, Sonorans, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays armed with their curved-bladed creases, and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages I was unable immediately to recognize any nationality. We raise at last into the place and made for the Parker House, a two-story frame building on the lower side. At the corner above is the American flag was flying from a pole in front of the Custom-House.

No place was to be had; but, through a friend, we succeeded in obtaining lodgings at the Fremont Hotel, at $15 a week each, board $20 a week of dollars). A room containing two cots, two chairs, and a table was given to two of us, some of the passengers, for example, paid $5 in another place for the privilege of sleeping on the floor. The fare was ample, and of excellent quality—fresh bread, cream, vegetables, and California meat beef, which is the best in the world. Speculation connected with the movement of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by Mr. Fitz, of New York, who brought with Wendell and Hill's Patent Tribune. He sold the whole lot in less than two hours, at one dollar apiece! Hearing of this, I took about a dozen papers, which I had used to fill up crevices in my trunks, and sold them for $15 a piece—was very, and to retail them. I was satisfied with the whole sale price. Papers of late date, I am told, bring $5 at the mines.

I set out for a walk before dark, and climbed a hill back of the town, passing a number of tents pitched in the hollows. The scattered houses spread out before me, and the crowded shipping on the harbor, backed by a lofty line of mountains, made an imposing picture. The restless, feverish life of idle as little night, and the thought that what I then saw and would see, will hereafter fill one of the most marvelous pages of the history, rendered it singularly impressive. The feeling was not decreased on talking with some of the old residents, that in, of six months' standing, and hearing their several months' experience. I heard and saw, and was forced to believe, yet not almost afraid to write, lesting that it will be generally believed. Let me give a few instances of the enormous and unnatural value put upon property here, at present.

The Parker House, a building 40 feet front by about 60 deep, rents for $10,000 yearly. At least $60,000 of this is paid for gambling, which is nearly all the several story. Adjoining it on the right, is a one-story lot, 15 by 60 feet, called "El Dorado," and occupied by gamblers, which brings $40,000. On the opposite corner, a building rather more than "Sansom," and by Wright & Co., bankers, brings $75,000. It is about half the size of our Jayne house in Chestnut. On the left of the Parker House, a small two-story frame building, which is just finished, rents for $1,000 a month. The second story contains eight gaming rooms, each of which pays $200 a night. Howbert, Van Dyke & Sutton pay $45,000 rent for the old Stores Hotel, $30,000; the Post Office, $7,000, and so on to the end of the chapter. A friend of mine, who wished to find a place for a law office, was shown a cellar in the earth, about 15 feet square and 6 deep, which he could have at $150 a month. The canvas tents have about three months ago, without enough money to pay his passage; he is now worth $50,000. One of the common soldiers of the battle of San Pascual, is now among the millionaires of the place, with an income of $50,000 monthly. A noted free has $10,000 interest at ten per cent. a month (think of that, Wall street!) and could easily dispose of double the amount in the same way. A citizen of San Francisco died somewhat last fall to the amount of $41,000. His administrators were delayed in settling his affairs, and his real estate advanced so rapidly in value, meantime, that after his debts were paid, his heirs have a yearly income of $40,000. Those facts are indubitably attested. Every one believes, however, yet hearing them talked of daily as a matter of course, does at times appear to be doubting as if he had been eating of the "*insane root*."

The prices of provisions I have among the cheap, and were incredibly. To give some idea of prices, I will state that good tobacco can be had for 50 cents; cigars, $3 a hundred; Manilas, $5; Mexicans, $15. The rate of exchange on specie is 2 per cent. The outfit for a journey to Pueblo San Jose, Stockton and the Sonoran diggings, on which I start in ten days, in company with a party of 12 persons, oxen, and Lieut. Beale. where they have been driven at from their purchase by the expense, and I must now don the costume of a mountaineer.

B. T.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will continue to exert themselves to extend the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some one who will. We have many thousands of names which we are willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the cheapest paper, as those who will have to be persuaded to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition, and is worth double the money. *Let the people see a first class paper, as we do the meanest and poorest of the small specimens.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it changed *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us will please write their names, Post Office, and State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would oblige us by writing the names and post to our address when they can do so conveniently. &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have numerous letters on hand that we have not time to examine. We will try to dispose of them in next week's paper.

BACK NUMBERS.

New subscribers not wishing the back numbers containing "The Deserted Wife," can have them on form us when they send on their subscriptions. In the absence of such notice we shall send the story is concluded.

MARS AND VENUS.

It is said that MARS is gradually changing its color, for a paler hue than it has had for several years, become more conspicuous than the other planet.

The above paragraph appears as the situation to a poem in one of the Boston papers. If the astronomical phenomenon "is true," the fact is a very interesting one to those who think that the planets are inhabited, and have their outward and spiritual worlds. We find the idea in the Bible. Jacob saw a ladder reaching to the sky that at the period of the Fall of Man, a change in the plane of the earth's axis took place, which caused the sun to appear to rise in the east, in the meridian and the seasons, these startling, temporary changes in nature being an analogy to the consequences which resulted on the spiritual world from the first great disobedience. The great poet says:—

"Nature and the earth felt the wound;
The pains of earth twice ten degrees and more
Felt through the deep recoil of all the spheres
Since then the centre globe."

Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers
From the four winds of heaven the clouds collected
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unaccompanied with cloud and rain
To recompense his drudgery in their sight
Became a tedious toil, and the year was known
Or rose to west, which had lasted the space
From end functional, and needs no for
Revolving light."

Some have also held that as the world advances in spiritual purity, the earth will be more and more frequent and the Christian virtues more esteemed. Such astronomical changes taken place in a manner as that when the millennial era in the progress of ages draws nigh, outward nature will testify to the change in the moral world. Earthquakes and tornadoes, by dews and gentle rains—a fresh and vigorous growth, by blasts and chilling storms; a mild and glowing sun, by a harsher and more consuming heat, and its melancholy adornments of decay.

It is a beautiful thought, and we are believers in the doctrine that the material world is but a finished philosophy. Love is the most beautiful thing in the world, and yet Shakspeare and the Scripture have not say that God is Wisdom, or Justice, or Power, but that God is Love. God is love. The highest Beauty and the highest Power is one.

Beauty is more "raindrop," as the old proverb falsely avers. Beauty, if it be merely physical, is a curse. It is the reflection of the perfections, it is always the reward of obedience. The most physical beauty is the reward of obedience to the laws of health. Beauty is the passport on the part of the present possessor at his ascension. The virtues will be the gift of the next life. The virtues will be the gift of the next life. The virtues will be the gift of the next life

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

Our readers have doubtless often seen notices of "Tournaments" at the various fashionable watering places in the "Old Dominion." A correspondent of the Pittsburg Chronicle gives an account of the imposing nature of one of these "Tournaments," which will doubtless fill our lady readers with admiration of "modern chivalry."

During the afternoon of the same day a grand tournament came off in the barn-yard near our hotel. It was a spectacle of no ordinary interest. The ladies, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, were seated in a large hay wagon, some eating green apples, while others were regaling themselves with some excellent Scotch ale. Some of the gentlemen were engaged in preparing their horses and knights for the contest, and a few of the sporting gentry were employed in betting "two dollars and a half" on their favorites.

All being now ready, two horsemen suddenly appeared at the sound of a tin horn. *Bois Gilbert* issued from the interior of a dilapidated barn, and Ivanhoe emerged from an old stable at the other end of the yard. The fair umpire of the day, a rosy-cheeked widow of twenty-six, from a neighboring barn, now waved a red cotton handkerchief as a signal to begin. The horses started at a gentle trot; the knights couched their lances, the ladies clapped their hands, and the crowd of spectators cheered. When the animals, by which I mean the horses, were approaching each other, the charger on which our modern Bois Gilbert was seated, took a sudden "sheer," and made all speed for a bundle of hay, which unfortunately had been thrown out of the stable that morning. Reaching it, he commenced eating with an appetite which would do honor to a good Catholic after keeping Lent, nor could the spur and cowhide of his rider drive him away. Ivanhoe, highly incensed, spurred furiously towards his opponent, but an old hen flying from the barn, frightened his Rosinante, and threw him headlong among the ladies seated in the wagon. And thus ended another farce.

ANOTHER LOST CHILD RECOVERED.

The reader will remember that we have spoken of a little girl in possession of the family from whom Mr. Burt, of this city, recovered his boy. That child is claimed by Henry Baumer, of Hoboken. In June, 1846, the child was in company with her mother, on some public occasion, when they became separated. Although the child was missed in a moment, nothing could be heard of her. Her father had searched the Union through, without success, until, seeing our account of the recovery of Mr. Burt's child, he went to Oswego, and recognised in this reputed "twin-sister" of the boy his own child. When he first saw her, he spoke to her in German, and she replied in German, although she had been three years from home. Mr. B. is now in this city waiting the return of the Governor, to obtain a requisition for the arrest of the woman at Oswego.—*Albany Journal.*

She deserves severe punishment.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 144—adults 62, and children 82.

Miscellaneous.

A POET'S AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

Dr. Wendell Holmes was chairman of the committee on the late Ploughing-Match at Berkshire, Massachusetts. His wit and poetry pervade even his Report. We give our readers a portion of it:

The Committee on the Ploughing-Match are fully sensible of the dignity and importance of the office entrusted to their judgment. To decide upon the comparative merits of so many excellent [illegible]

THE TENURE OF LAND IN DIFFERENT TIMES AND COUNTRIES.

[The following historical view, with the exception of a few comments, is condensed from a series of articles in the American Quarterly Register, introduced by the editor as proceeding from a writer "who is particularly averse to all visionary schemes and disorganizing movements." W. F. C.]

I. Europe. Among the ancient Scandinavians the soil was divided among the freemen, who had no power of alienating it, and which passed by descent to the nearest heir. In 863, the feudal system was introduced into Norway, Harold claiming all the allodial property (land exempt from feudal tenure) as belonging to the crown, and requiring a land tax of those who wished to retain their estates. "Throughout Sweden, Norway, Iceland and Finland, the same system of landholding substantially prevails at the present day," a few nobles possessing nearly all the land and the peasantry being but little better than slaves.

In Russia, Lithuania, Livonia, Poland, Gallicia, and all the Sclavonian countries, the owners of the soil constitute a privileged nobility, the cultivators of the land being generally serfs, bought and sold with it. In the immense regions occupied by the Sclavonic tribes, there are probably 75,000,000 human beings who are serfs, Russia alone containing 40,000,000. The principle of succession in these countries requires the constant hereditary division of estates. Under this system, the inequality of wealth among the nobles themselves of Russia and Poland has become enormous. In Hungary, every manor proceeded from the crown, and was subject to reversion on the extinction of legitimate descendants of the feudal proprietor. (The recent revolution in Hungary was heralded by the overthrow of the whole feudal tenure of land, and the enfranchisement of the people.)

"Throughout nearly all the Austrian and Prussian dominions, and in Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, the peasantry and cultivators of the soil are either serfs or feudal tenants." The German Tyrol is an exception. Alison says, "The peasantry are almost all owners of the soil they cultivate, a state of things of all others most favorable to social happiness," a remark amply carried out by the comparative condition and character of the Tyrolese.

In France the feudal tenure of land existed till 1792, when it was utterly rooted out by the revolution. Occasional earlier periods of diffusion of the land among the people were marked with prosperity. After the revolution, a compulsory division of the greater part of the real estate left by a proprietor, in equal proportions among his immediate descendants, took effect, and the landholders now amount to several millions, the proportion to the population being greater than in the United States.

In England feudalism still retains its hold, the land-owning aristocracy controlling the Government. "In England, in 1775, the soil was divided among 240,000 proprietors. In 1815, it was all owned by 30,000!" and it is probable the number is still less at the present time. In Scotland the case came before the Courts, whether the Chiefs of Clans or the Duchess of Sutherland, whose ancestors had been acknowledged as feudal superiors, were the owners of land, which the clansmen had occupied for hundreds of years. The courts decided in favor of the Duchess, and in the nine years ending in 1820, *three thousand Highland families* were ejected from their ancient freeholds! In Ireland, landlordism or feudal tenure is still more oppressive. The estate of the Marquis of Hertford embraces about 100 square miles, including about 200 town lands, 4,000 tenants of all grades were entertained by him at one time.

II. America. Feudalism was introduced by the French into their American possessions, and the most fertile portions of Lower Canada are still subject to the feudal tenure, and pay tithes to the jurists and tribute to the Seignors. The ignorance and poverty of the people on the seignories is noted. The commissioners of the Gov- [illegible]

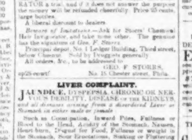
General News.

Do Not Rely on Appearances.—We were informed yesterday, by a person who stated it as a fact, that on the landing of the steamship Falcon, an individual came on shore without hat, coat or boots. After looking around him for some time, with a free and easy, independent kind of an air, he called to a drayman and requested him to take charge of a pair of saddle-bags, which were on board the vessel, and convey them to Hewlett's. With some hesitation the drayman complied with his request, but on attempting to lift the saddle-bags, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. The fact was, that they contained $40,000 in gold, which the coatless, hatless and bootless man had brought with him from California. We will guarantee that his costume to-day would not disgrace an *habitue* of Broadway. Truly appearances are fallacious and deceptive.—*N. O. Pic.*

Miss Bremer.—Miss Bremer, the Swedish Novelist, who is now here, must be a sensible woman. When she arrived, carriages rolled up to her door, liveried servants were at her heels, and all the town was agog to *toady* her to death *a la* Dickens. She sent word that she was not to be seen that day! The next, when the farce began, it was discovered that she had quietly retired to the country!

We like this. It is good sense and modesty.—New York made a silly fool of itself when it played the sycophant to Dickens, and he prettily made them feel it. Miss B. despises this system of *lionizing* gotten up by the "codfish aristocracy." She neither wants to bore nor be bored. She wants [illegible]

[illegible]



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

CONTAINING MORE LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER TWO DOLLAR PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA—AND FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF CITY WEEKLIES.

TERMS.

The Terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low Terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,		. . . .	$ 5.00,	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00,	"
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Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's or Godey's for FIVE DOLLARS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. (When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of Terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. *If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

DANIELS & SMITH, THE CHEAP BOOKSELLERS. WM. DANIELS & SAML. B. SMITH, have left [illegible]

DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA—ROWAND & WALTON invite attention to the following advertisement [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

TO ****.

FROM THE LOWELL JOURNAL.

It was a summer eve when last before thee
I stood and looked upon thy loveliness;
The golden glories died their tints o'er thee,
And the low winds played in each silvery tress.
Mute beauty stood around amid the lonely light,
The first young star did rise upon the brow of night!

I could not number a perfect ray, nor count
For the deep woe could find no outward sign;
I only felt that then and I were parting.
I met the blot of my fond lover's shrine—
That we were doomed in youth's first bloom to sever—
Alas for love! to a perhaps forever!

The evening light that loved to kiss thy cheek,
Faded away' to die in gloomy sky;
The summer breezes ceased their soft caresses,
Yet still I lingered, for the lingering
Looked kindly on me; my spirit seemed to borrow
From its soft glances some gladness for the morrow!

The night came on—thy purest moon look'd kindly
O'er the glad earth—the parting hour was come!
I took thy hand, and pressed, but no love kindly,
Into those eyes. I was as one struck dumb!
I would have told you—but no word was spoken,
How nearly then my loving heart was broken!

Oh, from my heart, in serious words came gushing
My love—my thoughts—but I had been taught
But far too early through my soul was rushing
A tide of love unreturned, unsought,
And though one word would sometimes wildly flutter
On my lone lip, I dared no whisper utter.

So silently—long, long ago we parted,
When many hundred lives each green leaf took!
And I looked back—how sad, how lonely hearted!
To view yet smaller in the twilight fast—
As one, who doomed from childhood's home to sever,
Gazes once more ere leaving all forever!

And there then stood'st—the beautiful among thy fellows,
Kneeling thy cheek, and brow, and wavy hair;
The deep-toned vow down set to earth'ly tones
In its embrace; and faint upon the air
Came a low sound, as if the angels were watching
One last "farewell" in that deep-concerned breathing!

My heart was bowed in sorrow and weary weather,
And chilling fears of misery o'er it came;
But 'said it all, the time we stood together
That came to pass—and now it's past—and again!
All that has remembered our last meeting,
Or felt my heart's warm grasp—the last I shook after greeting!

Or hast thou all forgotten it, and only
Dream of me when it suits the whim of other days
Come to thy memory at those moments lonely
When all that thing best—and then, though that dim hour,
Fancy! fly—see, like some pale apparition,
My image comes into thy mental vision!

If life be so, then lady, and forever,
Can our fate from now be thus in unison!
Twere better for the last time thought should sever,
Than hope—for hope is where all hopes are not alive!
'Twere better to forget when hope has perished,
Than only then to know my memory cherished!

Steamville, Aug. 5, 1840.

Pictures of Life.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

A few weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair,* I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by murder, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr. Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Keeldale, in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy, were chiefly these:

Mr. Bagshawe, who had been some time absent on the Continent, with Mrs. Bagshawe, left his estate on Saddlemark, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his speedy return, and, at the same time directing her to have a particular bed-room aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr. Robert Bramwell, who, having just arrived from abroad would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of their nephew had been designed to reward Frederick of Keeldale, by King, early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions, butcher-meat, poultry, fish and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The boy who carried the fish home, stated that he had seen a stranger young gentleman a few of the sitting-room on the ground floor through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not, indeed, broken open, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servants woman hurriedly murdered. The neighbour found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night gown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick lightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some insane intent, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three or four thousands in gold and notes,—the produce of Government stock, sold out about two months previously,—had been carried off. The only person, except his nurse, who lived with him, that I knew there was him on the estate was his nephew, Robert Bramwell, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long contemplated purchase of Rylands had been for some time lying idle at Five Oaks; as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before actually completing it. This Mr. Robert Bramwell was now nowhere to be seen or heard of, and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his nurse—terrifying, horrifying suspicion, that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical notes remitted to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices' fires. And as he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Keeldale, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the footmen who had driven him to London by the conveyances. They also forwarded for our use and assistance, one Josiah Barrow, a sly, sharp, tough, head-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unnatural nephew of King, who had discarded him; it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and, in other respects, disreputable habits. The while he set up, was, however, an clear and decisive, that he was not a jury hasty—entirely; and he now established great zeal for the discovery of the murderers of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He did find at the festivals of the homicide Keeldaine-lang, tinsmith, embellished at their leaves a gage, and lard he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there and then, have seized and carried Bedrest living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half taught him. He managed one to or was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bramwell, and accordingly, as soon as he had received my commissions and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bramwell had left the hotel a week previously, without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him.—This was odd, though the person stated would by have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

"What dress did he wear when he left?"

"That which, exactly, was the entire suit-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers and dark vest."

The precise dress described by the footmen-get's errand-boy? We next proceeded to the Bank of England, in expectation of any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I landed in a list of the numbers, which, I was told, were as shown, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a suit of uniform modern, and wearing a foreign-cap. Lieutenant James was the name mentioned upon them. And the address, Bedford Street, Carendish Square, was, of course, a fictitious one. I returned to Scotland Yard to report my progress; and if was then determined to come to Keeldale, and, if possible, to procure, by offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it, the arrest of that unfortunate nephew, whose shoulder was now walking deliberately down the yard towards his Palace Office, but Mr. Robert Bramwell himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barrow out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed somewhere more than a week previous[ly—where—by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to

* Part of September 30.

be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—left him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good morning. As soon as he had left—School out of Scotland Yard by the nearest back-lane to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Surrey Theatre, where he made his way good entertainment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach, then took a hasty dinner, and, nothing himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He now saw that we were on a secret private visit; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to ascertain the most advisable course of proceeding, when I espied three bushily-whiskered, gold-laced police officers, one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the group as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance, sure enough,—I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night-coach to Westmoreland.

"Westmoreland!" my friend said in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of force and activity? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three passages to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling:

"If the gentleman who entered the office just now,—him with a foreign-cap, I mean,—be to be taken passengers."

"Yes, he booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house."

"Thank you. Good-morning."

I had barely time to slip inside into one of the coffee-rooms, when the three officers entered and left the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the hotel. They were evidently ignorant of my presence where were still two places vacant, secured them for the night-coach, and then left the office, and, with tyrannous and friends of mine returning to the "North countries."

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr. Bramwell was still seated, apparently in deep and unpleasant meditation. My name, and that of Josiah Barrow, I despatched the messenger. I had now ample time to make my preparations for the journey that was to commence shortly in his close, hold upon, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of the above most evidence, the fashionable boy was called, and asked if he could identify the gentleman whom he had seen on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the prisoner for something more than a minute without answering, and then said, "That the gentleman was standing before the fire when I went in, with his cap on; I should not know the person with his cap on before I say anything."—

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"So I have found you at last!"

There was no start, no indication of fear whatever, in the features, the voice, the countenance, as he peevishly replied, "What the devil do you mean?" was simply one of surprise and astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," I replied; "the waiter told me you were a friend of mine, and I thought I saw through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not, indeed, broken out, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servants woman barbarously murdered. The neighbour found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night gown and stockings, and with a flat chamber can Gostick lately grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some insane intent, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three or four thousands in gold and notes,—the produce of Government stock, sold out about two months previously,—had been carried off. The only person, except his nurse, who lived with him, that I knew there was him on the estate was his nephew, Robert Bramwell, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been for some time lying idle at Five Oaks; as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before actually completing it. This Mr. Robert Bramwell was now nowhere to be seen or heard of, and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his nurse—terrifying, horrifying suspicion, that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical notes remitted to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices' fires. And as he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the footmen who had driven him to London by the conveyances. They also forwarded for our use and assistance, one Josiah Barrow, a sly, sharp, tough, head-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unnatural nephew of King, who had discarded him; it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and, in other respects, disreputable habits. The while he set up, was, however, an clear and decisive, that he was not a jury hasty—entirely; and he now established great zeal for the discovery of the murderers of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He did find at the festivals of the homicide Keeldaine-lang, tinsmith, embellished at their leaves a gage, and lard he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there and then, have seized and carried Bedrest living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half taught him. He managed one to or was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bramwell, and accordingly, as soon as he had received my commissions and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bramwell had left the hotel a week previously, without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him.—This was odd, though the person stated would by have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

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"Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?" shouted Mr. Robert Bramwell, laughing immoderately, my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

"I do not wish to alienate upon your confidence, Mr. Bramwell," I said, "but you must perceive that unless the circumstances of the case are explained to me, I shall be unable to act with any effect. Will you, then, be pleased, you stand in a perilous predicament."

"You are right," he replied, after some hesitation; "it is a perilous one, and I will tell you all."

He then related his adventures, which, I was quite satisfied, were strictly true, from the moment when I espied three bushily-whiskered, gold-laced police officers, one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the group as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance, sure enough, I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night-coach to Westmoreland.

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"So I have found you at last!"

There was no start, no indication of fear whatever, in the features, the voice, the countenance, as he peevishly replied, "What the devil do you mean?" was simply one of surprise and astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," I replied; "the waiter told me you were a friend of mine, and I thought I saw through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not, indeed, broken out, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servants woman barbarously murdered. The neighbour found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night gown and stockings, and with a flat chamber can Gostick lately grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some insane intent, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three or four thousands in gold and notes,—the produce of Government stock, sold out about two months previously,—had been carried off. The only person, except his nurse, who lived with him, that I knew there was him on the estate was his nephew, Robert Bramwell, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been for some time lying idle at Five Oaks; as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before actually completing it. This Mr. Robert Bramwell was now nowhere to be seen or heard of, and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his nurse—terrifying, horrifying suspicion, that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical notes remitted to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices' fires. And as he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the footmen who had driven him to London by the conveyances. They also forwarded for our use and assistance, one Josiah Barrow, a sly, sharp, tough, head-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unnatural nephew of King, who had discarded him; it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and, in other respects, disreputable habits. The while he set up, was, however, an clear and decisive, that he was not a jury hasty—entirely; and he now established great zeal for the discovery of the murderers of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He did find at the festivals of the homicide Keeldaine-lang, tinsmith, embellished at their leaves a gage, and lard he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there and then, have seized and carried Bedrest living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half taught him. He managed one to or was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bramwell, and accordingly, as soon as he had received my commissions and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bramwell had left the hotel a week previously, without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him.—This was odd, though the person stated would by have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

"What dress did he wear when he left?"

"That which, exactly, was the entire suit-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers and dark vest."

The precise dress described by the footmen-get's errand-boy? We next proceeded to the Bank of England, in expectation of any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I landed in a list of the numbers, which, I was told, were as shown, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a suit of uniform modern, and wearing a foreign-cap. Lieutenant James was the name mentioned upon them. And the address, Bedford Street, Carendish Square, was, of course, a fictitious one. I returned to Scotland Yard to report my progress; and if was then determined to come to Keeldale, and, if possible, to procure, by offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it, the arrest of that unfortunate nephew, whose shoulder was now walking deliberately down the yard towards his Palace Office, but Mr. Robert Bramwell himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barrow out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed somewhere more than a week previous[ly—where—by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to

Wit and Humor.

HOW
"J. Y. H." PLAYED DUMMY.

BY JERRY ROBBS.

My readers, I presume,—or at least, most of them—are familiar with the humorous sketches of "J. Y. H.," who, for the last four or five years, has contributed much to the amusement of the letters of "fun." A mad wag is J. Y. H., and extensively so; and I am not sure but generally when he is not the "butt of it." A more jovial and humorous fellow never lived before to set a-spitting yarns, I wot not of. But with all this, "Jack," as he is familiarly called by his friends, is a man of sterling worth, and a most valuable member of conversation, and as exhaustless are his stores of fun, as his wit, that I believe he could talk till doomsday, and, like "Old Virginny, never tire.

Well, a few evenings since, Jack, and two or three other friends, among whom was the writer of this, were seated around a table in the "American," all leisurely imbibing a most delightful lemonade. Of course, we were "smoking" upon this strange. Jack was in one of his happiest moods, and never more glibly ran "mad." To run the affair monicker of the party conjured to say a "thing or two." Not a word could be got from the writer of this, "no more of it," who seemed about bursting with a good thing, rolled in his mouth ready for talking. Poor Jack seemed to take in high dudgeon, and most solemnly protested that he was the most taciturn individual of the "party of the first part."

"Why, no matter, afterwards," I'll bet any man a basket of champagne, and then we'll have a merry-dear conversation hours without uttering a word but in the presence of a living soul."

"I'll take that bet," replied Mr. F., whereupon the parties endorsed the wager by a hearty shake of the hand, and then proceeded to the arrangement of preliminaries.

It was settled, among other things, that the "twenty-four hours," during which J. Y. H. was to utter no word, should commence on the day following, and that he should be placed as a passenger in the stage-coach. This was to be the test. Jack was to be placed as a passenger, and then was to be left to his own resources, and the neutral ground of a lady-dressed room, where the servants would not be allowed to enter, and where the little woman commenced her examination. Jack was then "undressed" by the ever-busy "Why, you have new friends?" "Yes, they have." "How neat!" "A husband and a few children that they are." "Ah, indeed!" "Taller brethren." Then taken off the fire, and still in one tablespoonful of cool white-water vinegar, two large tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. Then that ingredients well together, and pour the mixture immediately into a stone jar, and cover it immediately, lest the hartshorn should escape. When you have occasion to use it, shake the bottle well, and apply it with a soft sponge, or piece of flannel, to the part affected, rubbing it well in before the fire, for I had never seen any thing like it before, and I suppose it will be the same, or what he came about. My double were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was a large company present, and I was told that the positive must be removed once in twelve months, during which time I was to be free from pain. There are a short, cautious step, most of the weight being thrown upon the left leg, and the right being literally the lame walks but little lame, although very much so in a trot. The sole of the foot is somewhat raised, and the heel is proportionately depressed. The shoe is made of pale or buff or leather placed between the shoe and the sole, which gives the appearance of having the injured part in a state of repose. The sole of the foot is also raised, and covered with soft cloth and calf. If used collects under the leather, if the leather must be cut out close to the inner sole of the shoe.

THOS. N. T. H. S. COFFMAN, V. S.

SETTING OUT ORCHARDS.

As an orchard is intended to last for a lifetime or longer, the utmost care should be observed in the selection of the trees. Buy of none but the best farmers. It costs no more to raise a good apple tree than a poor one, and the difference in the future market and better price than the latter. But the trees should be young, thrifty, and of such a character be expected to grow upon poor lands. We recommend that all trees intended for orchards should be budded rather than be raised by the grafting on Hookroots. The bold hand which has heroically struggled for triumph—victory attained. Then, when the trees are planted, they will be sure to grow, to crop apparatus, to lash dissension, to quell rebellion, to bring to the block the foes of pledges, stirs on more bold projects against slavery, and more unsparingly denounces the "Union" as operates from its former nearly magnanimity, to a specious distrust, and a timid non-economical.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL RUNNING POST.

M. HOWES.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 26, 5, 29, 17, 31, 17, 30, 6, was a Roman General, who proclaimed Emperor by his troops, passed the Rubicon, defeated Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, crowned him Emperor to despot Egypt, and murdered by Brutus.

My 30, 17, 18, 6, 28, 31, 6, 30, was an unfortunate King of England, who was beheaded before the Palace of Whitehall.

My 29, 6, 30, 27, 3, 31, 6, 30, was a native of Holland, and the inventor of one of the most useful machines.

My 31, 5, 7, 6, 30, was an Emperor of the Romans who succeeded Augustus, and who was a most persistent persecutor to Christians.

My 31, 6, 30, 27, 3, 31, 6, 30, was a Carthaginian General who defeated the Romans in battle. He vanquished the Roman army under Flaminius, and was afterwards defeated by Scipio Africanus.

My 31, 6, 30, was an Egyptian, and the assassin of Pompey.

My 31, 6, 30, 27, 3, 31, 6, 30, was a brother of Claudius, Emperor of Rome. He succeeded the supposed poisoned Claudius, and was proclaimed by a considerable force, but was compelled to resign the Empire to Nero, who had him put to death.

My 31, 6, 30, 27, 3, 31, 6, 30, was a Carthaginian General who defeated the Romans in battle. He vanquished the Roman army under Flaminius, and was afterwards defeated by Scipio Africanus.

My 31, 6, 30, 27, 3, 31, 6, 30, was a Carthaginian General who defeated the Romans in battle. He vanquished the Roman army under Flaminius, and was afterwards defeated by Scipio Africanus.

My whole is the name of a celebrated Queen of Egypt, famous for her beauty and her intrigues.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
DOUBLY ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL RUNNING POST.

I am composed of 57 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a town in Africa.
My 7, 11, 6, 12, 13, 6, 14, is a town in Asia.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a range of Mountains in South America.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, is a town in Mexico.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, is a mountain in North America.
My 33, 6, 13, 34, 35, 36, is a city in Turkey.
My 5, 37, 13, 6, is the name of a country, town, lake, or river in Africa.
My 38, is the beginning of wisdom.
My 11, 39, 6, 40, 6, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, is a town in Palestine.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, is a town in Ireland
My 33, 34, 6, 35, 36, is a division of Asia.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a town in Texas
My 15, 37, 13, 6, 5, 6, is a city in Africa.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a town in North America.
My 15, 3, 6, 5, 6, is a small river in Germany.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a department of Italy.
My 15, 37, 13, 5, 6, is a city in Africa.
My whole is one of the best of all kinds in the world.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

My first is a measure, my second is found in the woods, and my whole is used to denote my love.

C. P.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

There was a piece of land containing 333 acres and 80 perches, having 4 sides of different lengths. The first side was 10 perches longer than the second, the third side was 20 perches longer than the first, the third side was 30 perches longer than the fourth, and the fourth side was 40 perches longer than the second; was 120 perches less than the diagonal across the land. What was the length of each side? Answer in rods, and the shortest line in rods.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q? Why is a river like the champagne?
Ans.—Because it makes one light headed.

Q? Why is drunkenness like a weak-kneed?
Ans.—Because it is the fall.

Q? Why is an oyster-tenant, not in the street, like a lawyer?
Ans.—Because he is a fish'ennant (Lefferson).

Q? Why is a sailor like a tonsorial lass?
Ans.—Don't he roll?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.

LORD NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

CHARADE.—NEW ENGLAND RUM.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTION.—Clio in S.

INDUSTRIAL HEROES.

Richard Arkwright, it would seem, was not a beautiful man; no romance lurks with haughty eyes, Apollo lips and gesture like the lamed Mercury; a plain, almost gross bag-chested, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with no air of pacific redemption, yet also of organic fine figurine,—a man stationed by the community to share certain daily duties, like Sanchez Panza governor of a half-penny earth. To such end, we may say, by heredity, strength, or talent, and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, this fine-natured man, in stripping of razors, in lathering fusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereto, had not noticed in his temple of hot soils, spindles, shuttles, wheels and contrivances plying slowly with the same; rather hopped a crypt, or a blank, false machine, by lathering to and from his own mirror. Nothing. He towelled his face, and left the lather to dry on the wall. Nothing. Then there is no truth in man.—The Great Wyse.

VERDANCY.

We listened, says an exchange, not long ago, to a short dialogue between a "wag" of Gotham, and a not unknown "green" upon the north, which was, almost word for word, as follows:—

Scene—Hotel. *Scene to Boston.*

Wag—[Approaching = Legs" with a kind countenance.] "You are from Vermont, I take it, sir?

Legs—I am, sir.

Wag—You have fine agricultural resources in your State?

Legs—Yes, sir—the mountains are rather green. (Circumflex accent on "mountains," and emphasis on "are.")

Wag—Very high, too.

Legs—Yes, sir—rather. And there's another thing—I suppose you've noticed.

Wag—Ah! what's that?

Legs—Why, how numerous any two of "em you be to find a single one.

Wag—[A little disconcerted]—Your soil is rather hard to cultivate, eh?

Legs—Why, rather. But it isn't true that we are obliged to plant our corn by shooting it into the ground. We don't "fire" it in, I tell ye. That's a York story. Tee come from York, didn't you?

Wag—Yes, sir.

Legs—Oh, nothing—it's a good State to come from.

Wag—[Rallying]—I say, mister—Vermont is a very large one, isn't it?

Legs—Oh, yes—pretty large. Famous for sheep and horses; but for sense and such cattle, York beats all hollow. [Exit "wag" to clerk's office for "Large and cold Water" looking foolish.]

For Housekeepers.

NEW RECEIPT FOR A WASHING MIXTURE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Take two pounds of the best brown soap, cut it fine, and put it into a pail, adding one gallon of clear soft water. Set it over the fire and melt it thoroughly, occasionally stirring it up with a wooden spatula. When the fire, and stir in one tablespoonful of cool white-water vinegar, two large tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, and three large tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. When that ingredients well together, put the whole mixture immediately into a stone jar, and cover it immediately, lest the hartshorn should escape. When you have occasion to use it, shake the bottle well and apply it with a soft sponge, or piece of flannel, to the part affected, rubbing it well in before the fire, for I had never seen any thing like it before, and I suppose it will be the same, or what he came about. My double were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was a large company present, and I was told that the positive must be removed once in twelve months, during which time I was to be free from pain. There are a short, cautious step, most of the weight being thrown upon the left leg, and the right being literally the lame walks but little lame, although very much so in a trot. The sole of the foot is somewhat raised, and the heel is proportionately depressed. The shoe is made of pale or buff or leather placed between the shoe and the sole, which gives the appearance of having the injured part in a state of repose. The sole of the foot is also raised, and covered with soft cloth and calf. If used collects under the leather, if the leather must be cut out close to the inner sole of the shoe.

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Selected Articles.

ARISTOCRACY.

We are very aristocratic here in our goodly city of Cincinnati. Exclusiveness is fashionable—our trees are leaned, who theory they comprise of the "upper ten thousand," and select society. If a during intruder presumes to enter the chastened circle, he is looked upon as a monster, who has come to devour us all. He looked on as an inferior, no matter what his personal qualifications may be. It creeps the land right. What business has any one to suppose that sterling character and cultivated intellect could be found among the middle class of our community? Fashionable—laugh! The children of our fashionable and lauded people are, spring the measures of foreign aristocrats, and cleaning to give tone and character to society. They dance gracefully, wear fine silk smell of leather and pomade.

A gentlemanly passenger on a steamboat from New Orleans to Cincinnati on the trip up, was introduced to a fine looking girl by a gentlemanly relation of hers. We give a brief description of the two. The young lady was charmingly lovely. Her manners were graceful and quite easy, her intonation and accessory, his manner noble, his bearing manly. They were evidently pleased with each other.

Throws together in such other's society, and the passenger could not help but be wondered that they were quite familiar. They had one-a-ness on the subject of education, and were not at all at a loss for words. The gentleman whispering soft nonsense in the lady's ear, and she responding with a smile of love. And as we throughout the progress of the dinner, I casally continued to order the wrong dishes for Mr. J. Y. H., and continued to eat the right ones from the table half full. The passenger, he was compelled to take his "dinner" on deck, composed upon him such a dose of cabbage, cucumbers, &c., that he arose in disgust, and subject severely pray. Poor Jack! I sincerely pitied him then, from the bottom of my heart.—Ed.

I mentioned the marketing of cucumbers, and then they parted, she to her father's stockade and he to his state-room, where he found himself fairly called him. The hope of seeing her on his return filled his heart with joy. Arrived at New Orleans, the astounding discovery shortly after her return home. A friend of hers who spurned the society of mechanics, and who consequently had for losing her heart to a mechanic who was going to marry her. Such was the case, however. This was very provoking to her. She protested that she thought he was a gentleman or she never would have spoken to him.

Six weeks flew by, and the young mechanic was left behind. He heard from her occasionally, but she he approached Cincinnati. Visions of grace, beauty, and loveliness floated before his vision. Oh, what pleasure to meet La Belle of the Queen City. Her charms had made a deep impression on his susceptible heart. His feet bounded the wharf, and away he flew to the mansion of his betrothed. He was received, but his cousin seemed cool. The young lady fainted into the room. Oh, how lovely! But what is the matter? She does not know him. Astonishment, fear of recognition upon the face lit up with pleasure at seeing her lover.

"You do not recollect me," said he, tenderly, and manifesting the deepest impression—if one be not to be felt at such a meeting.

"I do not, sir," replied she, in a cold tone, and with